

At the Righties' meeting

sidled in an alien. Get
rid of that cocksucker!"
screamed the Chair.

"Communist, Socialist, I
don't give a crap! Bum's

Rush to lazy, useless
bleeding hearts anyways!"

Later, "What was it?" whispers Vice
Chair underneath a musing, psy-
chotic Chaplain H. Drew
Monroe hugging the lectern .

"An idea," scoffed
Recording Secretary,
Mixy Heather Truel.